

## Even Heroes Need Saving

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Summary: A civilian risks everything to save the life of a Spartan.  
One-shot, Complete! Please R&R, first Halo fic.

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**\*\*Even Heroes Need Saving\*\***

Brown eyes widened in horror as a scream got lodged in her throat. She tried to warn him, to tell him that he had to turn around! All she could do was stand there and gape at the carnage as he fearlessly slaughtered the enemy troops that dared to oppose him. He was doing a marvelous job. He was defeating all of the covenant troops but one.

Her knees shook as she stood watching in the alleyway that connected to the central plaza. Her savior was crouched down on one knee, ducking behind cover as a grenade exploded a few yards away from him, taking out five of the enemy forces. He reloaded his gun, unaware of the danger that lurked just behind him.

Time stood still. Without thinking or realizing where she was going or what she was doing, her legs carried her closer to the warzone. He was currently engaging a brute who had a brute-shot. He was dancing and weaving through debris to avoid getting hit by the explosive projectiles. His pursuer advanced ever closer as did she.

It didn't take long for him to dispatch the brute and when he did turn around, it was already too late.

The Elite lunged with his energy sword, taking the Spartan by surprise.

He had no time to react. By the time he raised his weapon or twisted around to dodge the lunge, he would already be impaled. So he stood his ground and defiantly stared death in the face.

That's when the most unexpected thing happened.

She finally screamed, releasing all of her fear and taking strength from such a battle cry. She saw the Elite lunge for him in slow motion. The energy sword- pointed straight at the Spartan's midsection. Still screaming, she shoved the Spartan aside—it was no easy feat with armor as heavy as his. Maybe it was the adrenaline. They say that a human can do impossible things like lift cars off of a trapped person in the heat of the moment. She got to experience such a feat for the first and the last time.

She knew as she shoved him aside that there would be no avoiding this fate as she took his place. She looked up and bravely met her destiny.

The sword made sickening contact.

She couldn't scream—she couldn't breathe. It all happened so fast. She fell to the ground as the blood began to flow and heard the vengeful, human sounding scream as the Spartan rose back to his feet like an angel of death. Her vision began to blur but she did faintly see and hear the last of that battle. The Elite was impaled—with his own sword.

Before she knew what was happening, she was being gently cradled in the arms of the Spartan. His voice was calm and collected. Though she could faintly hear traces of what could be considered sorrow. She would know—her own brother Daniel was very good at hiding his true feelings from others.

"You didn't have to do that, you know."

She smiled weakly and coughed up small traces of blood, her body turning cold.

"Better me than you."

He tilted his helmet to the side in careful consideration.

"How do you figure that?"

"Everyone needs you. You're important."

He shifted his hold on her and chuckled humorlessly.

"That's only a matter of perspective."

She was wheezing for air now but struggled to hang on, long enough to speak her mind.

"You—are a hero."

He slowly shook his head.

"Even some hero's need saving."

She stopped breathing altogether and could simply stare up at him wordlessly. He looked down on her, his expression lost behind his helmet.

"Thank youâ€|for saving my life. \_You\_ were the hero today."

She closed her eyes for the last time with a small smile, never knowing just how deeply moved Master Chief was by her heroic sacrifice. It wasn't everyday that a civilian woman saved his life.

Master Chief left her body in the care of some marine soldiers and reloaded his rifle.

Her sacrifice would not be in vain.

He walked a few more blocks through the city and found his next objective. With narrowed eyes and a sardonic grin he got their attention.

"Alright Covenantâ€|let's dance."

THE END

Author's Note: I feel that even though Master Chief is a great Spartan and hard-core military guy he is still human and is capable of emotion.

End  
file.